

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XLVI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1917.

NUMBER 1

Published every week.  
\$1.00 a year in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## The New Year.

A rosy child of gray beard time.  
On the purple hills of morn.  
Aureoled with winter's rime,  
Yesternight for us was born.

Down the grim, bleak western sky  
His languid footed brother crept;  
The youngster came with jollity—  
The tottering figure died unwept.

All the past is left behind—  
What avails it? Mourn it not!  
Take the year that here you find,  
Clean, without a blemished spot.

Its fair rosary of days  
Linked must be with hopes and fears;  
We e-n roll it with grace  
Meet its joys and mist of tears.

Some sad pilgrim on its way  
Shall fall before the journey's end,  
But courage is the word to-day,  
Whatever time or fate intend.

Hope, the siren, whispers now  
Her sorcerous tales to every ear.  
So here's a chapter for the brow  
Of Time's fresh heir, the bright New Year.

## "Unto One of the Least."

"Get off the piazza, little Beggar.  
To think that I should have to leave  
my painting to open the door for  
you—just for nobody but you!"

"But Ma was hungry, so hungry  
Miss, and—"

"Never mind 'ands.' We don't  
keep almshouses on Wayland Ave-  
nue." The heavy door closed with  
a sharp bang and pretty Miriam  
Renfro returned to her easel.  
Bending over to pick up the brush  
which had fallen to the floor, she  
noticed that it was lying directly  
across a small white card upon  
which was printed a text. Her  
teacher had given it to her but  
yesterday, and Miriam's face grew  
scarlet as those words in the midst  
of the text stared at her and seemed  
so big and so black just now.

"Unto one of the least of these, my  
brethren," the card said to her over  
and over. As though wishing to  
get away from its silent rebuke, she  
snatched it up and threw it into the  
fire, but the flames rolling over it  
flashed to her eyes again and yet  
again: "Unto one of the least of  
these." From their tiny heap of  
pale gray, the very ashes them-  
selves were mocking her with those  
words: "Unto one of the least of  
these."

And she she had done nothing!  
Her opportunity had come to her,  
had sought her out even on her own  
threshold, and she had impatiently  
thrust it aside. How selfish,  
thoughtless and how unkind she  
had been! Miriam covered her face  
with her hand and the tears came  
into her eyes.

"I shall do it yet!" she cried as  
she rushed to the door. I shall find  
her and bring her back and tell her  
how sorry I am. I shall tell her I  
am ashamed and I shall ask her  
forgiveness."

A short distance down the Ave-  
nue the penitent Miriam espied a  
queer little combination of torn  
shawl and calico trudging along,  
half carrying, half dragging a large  
bag filled with some soft material.

"Come back little girl," she called  
as she ran down the street, and  
as the child turned to obey, Miriam  
noticed that the bare feet were blue  
with cold and the ragged dress be-  
neath the shawl was very thin.

"I was mean and cross to you  
and I am so sorry, and I want  
you to forgive me and come into the  
house and let me give something to  
eat." For a moment the little girl  
stood still and stared at Miriam in  
a doubtful manner, as though after  
having been turned away from the  
house she could hardly believe  
what she heard.

"Don't look at me like that; O,  
don't," cried Miriam. "You make  
me feel meaner than ever. Come  
into the house." Then without a  
word the "little beggar girl" crossed  
the threshold from which she  
had so recently been turned away,  
and followed the banker's daughter  
into the cozy library. Miriam left  
her alone, returning after a few  
moments with some bread and but-  
ter and hot tea. "Here, sit down  
by the fire and eat this—it will do  
you good."

To Miriam's astonishment the  
child burst into tears.  
"I can't eat it, Miss. I can't. But  
I will take it to Ma; you will let  
me. She ain't had nothin' to eat  
since yesterday mornin'. I am  
hungry, but I can't eat till she's had  
some."

"You are right, she shall have  
some soon. Put these shoes and

stockings on and tell me all about  
it. But first, what is your name  
and how old are you?"

"My name's Alice Wayne, Miss,  
and I am thirteen years old, and I  
picks up, over to Reynold's dump-  
ing grounds. It's as so far away  
you know, and Ma, she was so sick  
with the lung fever that I could not  
leave her long, and—and I thought  
I might find some rags as people in  
these big houses wanted to throw  
away or burn. You see I sells 'em  
over to Norwood's and buy bread  
for Ma. She won't never be well  
no more. Ma won't, 'cause she ain't  
got no money to buy a doctor. I  
didn't mean no harm when I come,  
Miss, but I knowed if the rich had  
any rags they'd be clean and they  
wouldn't take so much time to wash  
'em and dry 'em like I do them as I  
gits in the dumping grounds, and I  
could have more time on Ma. And  
then if the rags is clean, Norwood  
gives me a cent per pound. When  
they ain't he gives me half a cent—  
and they gits so dirty in the trash  
cart you know. It takes a power-  
ful washin' to git 'em clean."

Miriam ran back to her room and  
as she ransacked the closets and  
chests for rags, she was thinking as  
she had never thought before in all  
the fourteen years for her existence.  
For the first time she realized how  
many things she had to be thankful  
for, and how little good she had  
done in the world. And then she  
thought of that poor little girl in  
the next room, of how she trudged  
three miles to the dumping grounds,  
of how hard she must work to pick  
the rags one by one from the trash,  
trudge home with them, wash them,  
dry them, and after it all  
receive perhaps a half cent and she  
who sat at ease in her cozy room, day  
after day, with all the leisure she  
wished at her command, all the  
money she could spend in her purse,  
everything that heart could wish  
around her, she had grown angry  
and turned the poor wail away from  
the door, before even giving her a  
chance to ask for help.

How the resolutions crowded one  
upon the other as the large basket  
grew and grew until it was filled  
and heaped as high as she could  
heap it—with scraps and bits of  
cotton cloth.

"Here are some rags that won't  
have to be washed, Alice," she said  
as she returned to the library and  
began making them into a bundle.  
I don't see for the life of me, how-  
ever, how you will manage them,  
there are so many, and—"

Miriam stopped short as the con-  
flicting thoughts came rushing to  
her mind. Could she do it? What  
would her friends say? Then the  
carriage was out, and she would  
have to walk. At that moment, in  
the heap of ashes there on the  
hearthstone, she seemed to see quite  
plainly the words, "Unto one of  
the least of these," and her mind  
was made up.

"Put on this heavy coat, Alice,"  
she said "and we will go straight to  
your mother. I am going with you  
and help you carry the rags."

"You, Miss, you going with me  
—me, and you such a high lady  
and I such—"

"I am nothing but a plain girl,"  
broke in Miriam, "a plain girl who  
has been ugly and rude and is sorry  
—so sorry for it. Come let us be  
off."

A ragged sleeve sought the eyes  
of the little beggar girl and her  
voice trembled when she spoke.

"I—I—I think you be one of the  
Lord's, you be."

Down the avenue, each bearing a  
large coarse bundle, Miriam Ren-  
fro, the banker's daughter, and the  
little ragpicker trudged side by  
side. In the heart of the city  
Miriam disappeared in a grocery  
store, only to reappear in a few  
moments with several packages  
which she added to her bundle of  
rags.

Down one street and up another  
Alice Wayne led her companion.  
Finally, pausing in front of a  
shabby old building—the very  
shabbiest in the row of shabby  
buildings which adorned the dismal  
alley—she turned and said simply:  
"This is home, Miss," and began  
to climb the rickety stairs.

What a bare and cheerless room  
they found at the top! No wonder  
the poor woman lying in the corner  
looked so pale and ill. There was  
no fire on the desolate hearth; there

was scant covering on the heap of  
straw which formed the sick bed  
and to keep out the cold, news-  
papers were stuffed in the sash of  
the one window which served to  
light the room. Everything looked  
cold and bare. Miriam quickly set  
her bundle down and from the  
depths took a small flask. Then  
kneeling down by the straw bed in  
the corner, she bent over the invalid  
and held some sweet wine to her  
lips.

"Here, drink this," she whispered,  
"it will make you better." The  
eyes opened wearily and the patient  
was conscious of her surroundings  
and drank, but didn't speak. The  
woman was indeed very weak and  
ill, and Miriam realized there was  
no time to lose. Tearing off a bit  
of wrapping paper she took a small  
pencil from her purse and wrote a  
short message. She then ran down  
the long stairs in such haste that  
she almost upset a small dirty faced  
urchin, who was peering at her from  
below.

"Do you know Dr. Wiley?" she  
asked.

"Yes sir—ree—bob—held his  
horses many a time. 'He vacci—'  
"I will give you a dollar if you  
will get him here inside of an hour,"  
interrupted Miriam.

"A whole dollar! Jehosaphat,  
Joseph! but I'll do it," and away  
like the wind sped the dirty-faced  
urchin on his mission.

Up the alley a man was carting a  
load of sort wood. How lucky!  
A word from the Miriam and the  
wood was soon heaped in a corner of  
the long dingy hall upstairs.

Then quietly, so as not to disturb  
the invalid, the two girls went to  
work with a will, and in a short time  
a bright cheery fire was blazing  
upon the hearth and Alice's mother  
had been strengthened and refreshed  
by a cup of hot tea. To Miriam's  
delight, Dr. Wiley found the pa-  
tient's condition less serious than  
she had thought. With proper  
care and nourishment she would  
live, he said. He would come back  
to see her every day and she should  
lack nothing that would aid in her  
recovery. "Had she not had medi-  
cal attention to day, however," he  
added, "it would have been too  
late."

Proper care and nourishment,  
and she would live!

Alice threw herself upon her  
mother's pillow of straw and sobbed  
for sheer joy. Between her sobs  
she prayed: "O God bless the kind  
high-lady—bless the kind high-  
lady!" And then "O Ma, Ma,  
you're goin' ter git well. You're  
goin' ter git well. You're goin' ter  
git well, and the high-lady did it!"

What a day it was! It was impos-  
sible to say just how many journeys  
the dirty-faced urchin made to dif-  
ferent parts of the city, but when  
the afternoon came, the sick woman  
was resting quietly in a soft clean  
bed, with plenty of good warm cloth-  
ing. The window panes had been  
put in, and everything Miriam could  
think of had been done to relieve  
Alice and her mother and to provide  
for them until they could provide  
for themselves.

In the west the sun went down,  
"I shall come back to-morrow,"  
said Miriam, as she bent low over  
the sick woman. "And I hope I  
shall find you much better." A  
feeble, emaciated, hand stirred on  
the coverlet and in a whisper came  
the words: "Inasmuch as ye have  
done it unto one of the least—"

"Stop, stop," cried Miriam. "I  
can't bear it," she said. All my life  
I have been thoughtless and selfish.  
Until to-day I never knew what  
life means, but I have found out  
now! I have found out now! and  
to-day I shall live!"

During all those years that fol-  
lowed, while the banker's daughter  
was spending her life in the noble  
work of helping the poor, comfort-  
ing the bereaved and ministering  
to the sick, Miriam Renfro never  
forgot that moment which she  
always regarded as the happiest  
moment she had ever known; that  
moment in the dismal attic, when  
the ragged little beggar girl had  
thrown herself down by her starv-  
ing mother's side and buried her face  
in the straw, and between convul-  
sive sobs asked God's blessing upon  
the kind "high-lady" who had  
come and saved that mother.—*The School Helper.*

The JOURNAL for 1917—\$1.00.

## National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.  
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

**President** Jay C. Howard, A. L. Roberts, Harley D. Drake, Minn. Kan. Washington, D. C.  
**Secretary** A. B. Greener, Ohio. Walter Glover, S. C.  
**Treasurer** Mrs. A. Lambrook, N. Y. J. W. Howson, Cal.  
**Vice-Presidents** Jay C. Howard, Minnesota. Owen G. Carrell, of Austin, Texas. Shelby W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss. Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kansas. George H. Bailey, of Mount Olive N. C. Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal. W. S. Root, of Seattle, Wash. Walter G. Durian, Hartford, Ct. John H. Keiser, New York.

## OFFICIAL.

Owing to the fact that there are a number of unusual features attend-  
ing the celebration of the Centennial  
of the American School, in which  
celebration several different interests  
wish to be represented, it has taken  
time and considerable tact to adjust  
everything in a manner that satisfies  
everyone. It is a pleasure to an-  
nounce that the general arrangements  
have been made. The Convention  
of the American Instructions of the  
Deaf will be in session from June 29  
to July 3d. The National Associa-  
tion of the Deaf will open its ses-  
sion on the evening of July 3d and  
adjourn July 7th. On July 4th,  
there will be a grand Centennial  
Celebration under the auspices of  
the authorities of the American  
School.

The Local Committee will consist  
of:

Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, *Ex-Officio*  
*Chairman.*  
Mr. Walter Durian, *Chairman.*  
Mrs. Edward Perkins Clarke, *Secre-*  
*tary.*  
Mr. John E. Crane.  
Mr. Edward Perkins Clarke.  
Mrs. Walter Durian.  
Mr. Michael Lapides.  
Miss Emma Atkinson.  
Miss Ethel Bogue.

It is likely that others will be added  
to the committee from time to  
time.

The Alumni Association of the  
American School has selected a  
committee to act as hosts to the  
visiting delegates, and they will  
make arrangements for the entertain-  
ment features of the Convention.

It is possible that the Convention  
will be turned into a World's Con-  
gress, as was planned at Cleveland;  
but the world war makes it advis-  
able to give this matter careful con-  
sideration. In any event, France  
will be asked to send delegates, and  
proper representation will be made  
to the French Government through  
our State Department. Monsieur  
Henri Gaillard believes the French  
Government will act favorably on  
the proposition.

The Program Committee will consist  
of—

Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, *Ex-Officio*  
*Chairman.*  
Dr. J. H. Cloud, *Chairman.*  
Miss Cloa G. Lamson.  
Mr. John E. Crane.

The Local Committee has secured  
the Church of the Redeemer, on  
Asylum Avenue, near the School,  
for the meetings of the Convention.  
Mr. Wheeler offered the use of the  
school chapel, but it is not sufficiently  
large to accommodate such a crowd as  
is expected to attend the convention.

The Local Committee will an-  
nounce rates and accommodations in  
hotels available to delegates, and will  
select a suitable hotel for head-  
quarters of the Association.

The Celebration of the Centennial  
of the American School will be the  
greatest event in the history of deaf-  
mute education, and is of interest to  
every deaf-mute in the world. The  
occasion should draw together the  
largest and most representative body  
of deaf people the world has ever  
seen assembled. We have un-  
avoidably been slow in getting ar-  
rangements under way, but we trust  
that the several committees will now  
get right down to work and "make  
things jump."

The Transportation Committee is  
made up as follows:

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, *Chairman.*  
Mr. L. C. Williams.  
Mr. A. L. Roberts.

This committee will arrange the  
most elaborate itinerary ever attempt-  
ed for such an occasion. They will  
start cars from Los Angeles and add  
to the number as required, arranging  
for delegates to connect with the  
special at given points, and out of  
Chicago we should have a full train  
of Pullmans that will tax the Hart-  
ford station accommodations when it  
arrives. Announcements will be  
made later.

With this great Convention for  
next summer and the elections in  
February, every member of the  
Association should see that his dues  
are paid up in full to include 1917,  
and take an active interest in  
matters pertaining to the welfare of  
the deaf and of the Association.  
If our members have not enough red  
blood in their veins to take an inter-  
est in the great events now approach-  
ing, they never will have, and the  
National Association of the Deaf  
may as well drop back into the  
puny little Association it was be-  
fore the Hanson administration  
built it up and made it more of a  
permanent organization.

The Treasurer has just sent out  
final notices of dues and all members  
in arrears after January 1st will be  
dropped. JAY COOKE HOWARD,  
*President N. A. D.*

## DE L'EPEE MEMOR'L STATUE FUND

REPORT NO. 33  
Previously acknowledged in the  
JOURNAL of October 5, 1916. \$2,221 08

The following list rec'd from Samuel  
Frankenheim, of New York, Sept. 6,  
1916. Total \$10.50.  
Through Richard McCabe, Gloversville,  
N. Y. \$4.55.

Richard McCabe . . . . . 50  
Mrs. Richard McCabe . . . . . 50  
Francis McCabe . . . . . 10  
Ralph McCabe . . . . . 10  
Mr. and Mrs. Ed. DeMott . . . . . 50  
D. H. Costello . . . . . 25  
A. Friend . . . . . 10  
W. O. Shutta . . . . . 25  
A. Friend . . . . . 10  
Frank Van Denburger . . . . . 25  
Through James H. Quinn, New Jersey,  
\$5.00

David Quinn . . . . . 1 00  
Alden Quinn . . . . . 1 00  
Ida Quinn . . . . . 1 00  
Guy Quinn . . . . . 1 00  
Rachel Quinn . . . . . 1 00  
Through Geo. S. Porter, N. J., 10 cents.  
Andrew Dziak . . . . . 10  
Through Miss Clara Breese, N. J., 25 cts.  
Miss Clara Breese . . . . . 25  
Through R. Newton Parsons, Ct., \$2.50.

Alfred Stevenson . . . . . 25  
Michael Lapides . . . . . 50  
Mrs. Annie Dougherty . . . . . 50  
Mamie E. Oxley . . . . . 50  
Anna I. Bartlett . . . . . 25  
J. D. Bartlett . . . . . 25  
R. Newton Parsons . . . . . 25  
The following list rec'd from Samuel  
Frankenheim of N. Y., Oct. 14, 1916.  
Total \$14.85.

Through Miss Mary Garvey of Clifton  
Springs, N. Y. \$5.00.

Mrs. John Bews . . . . . 10  
John Hughes . . . . . 25  
Miss B. V. Cogrove . . . . . 25  
Teressa McCaule . . . . . 25  
Mrs. M. A. Fitzgerald . . . . . 20  
Miss Teressa McCabe . . . . . 10  
Katherine McCaule . . . . . 25  
Miss Kathleen Baus . . . . . 10  
Miss Mary Garvey . . . . . 25  
Herbert Baus . . . . . 10  
Mrs. Anna Mack . . . . . 10  
Elizabeth McCabe . . . . . 25  
Rev. Flex. O'Hanlon . . . . . 1 00  
G. C. Malone . . . . . 25  
Laura Donovan . . . . . 25  
Edward McCabe . . . . . 25  
L. E. Beuregard . . . . . 25  
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baus . . . . . 50  
Mrs. E. J. Walsh . . . . . 20  
A. Baschart, Jr. . . . . 1 00  
Through Harry R. Stevens, Penn., \$4.00

Harry E. Stevens . . . . . 2 00  
Miss Barnitz . . . . . 2 00  
Through Edwin W. Frisbee, Mass., \$5.50

Clyde Wm. Stuart . . . . . 25  
Wm. C. Hayden . . . . . 10  
Mrs. Ira H. Derby . . . . . 25  
John L. Cheers . . . . . 25  
James B. Coon . . . . . 10  
Mrs. C. M. Chase . . . . . 25  
Edwin W. Frisbee . . . . . 50  
Jennie P. Frisbee . . . . . 50  
Wm. P. Brown . . . . . 10  
Ira H. Derby . . . . . 10  
Mrs. Fred Greenough . . . . . 25  
H. Lowenberg . . . . . 25  
Albert A. Small . . . . . 25  
William H. Gill . . . . . 25  
Mina H. Moore . . . . . 25  
Geo. Clothier . . . . . 25  
Sarah Angelen . . . . . 25  
L. E. Beuregard . . . . . 25  
Miss Helen Rooney . . . . . 1 00  
Victor A. Parsons . . . . . 50

Received interest Oct. 14, 1916, on  
\$500, at 5% 6 months from  
April 1, 1916 to Oct. 1, 1916 . . . 12.50

The following list rec'd from Rev. J. H.  
Cloud, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 30, 1916.  
Total \$4.05

Collected by Daniel Shea, Box 275, Derry,  
N. H. \$2.70  
Daniel Shea . . . . . 25  
John Shea . . . . . 25  
Mrs. J. A. Dexter . . . . . 15  
James A. Dexter . . . . . 10  
Mrs. John Shea . . . . . 25  
Rugene Mousette . . . . . 25

Leonard H. Wood . . . . . 20  
Felix Theriault . . . . . 15  
Frank P. Blodgett . . . . . 15  
Richard Luce . . . . . 1 00  
Through J. E. Pershing, Springfield,  
Ohio, \$1.45

J. E. Pershing . . . . . 25  
Frank Stokes . . . . . 10  
H. J. Swords . . . . . 25  
H. Folckeimer . . . . . 25  
G. F. Pitzu . . . . . 05  
Harry C. Porter . . . . . 10  
Rufus B. Jefferys . . . . . 10  
Harry Alvarde . . . . . 25  
?? . . . . . 25

Per. A. L. Roberts, Olathe, Kan., \$9.90  
Collected by Nathan Lahn, 60c.

Mr. Healy . . . . . 10  
Mr. Barnett . . . . . 25  
Mr. Beard . . . . . 10  
Mr. Lahn . . . . . 15

Collected by Miss Flo. Phalp.

L. C. Longnickle . . . . . 50  
E. R. Richardson . . . . . 25  
Walter Freeman . . . . . 15  
Guy Pinny . . . . . 25  
Dr. E. R. Parker . . . . . 25  
Merrill Peppered . . . . . 50  
Collected by H. O. Hosa.

A. Everts . . . . . 25  
Collected by Miss Ruth Paxton, \$3.50.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Paxton . . . . . 50  
J. E. Loucks . . . . . 1 00  
John O'Connor . . . . . 25  
Olive E. James . . . . . 25  
Thelma James . . . . . 25  
J. E. McCarthy . . . . . 50  
Mrs. S. S. Hazen . . . . . 50

Collected by Geo. Steinhauer, \$1.75.

J. P. Steinhauer . . . . . 25  
Henry J. Rhart . . . . . 25  
J. Block . . . . . 25  
James Casey . . . . . 25  
W. B. Griffith . . . . . 25  
James Connelly . . . . . 25  
Chas. M. Geaden . . . . . 25

Collected by Miss Lena Druit, \$2.00.

Oscar Druit . . . . . 25  
Clara Druit . . . . . 25  
Lizzie W. Kelly . . . . . 50  
R. L. Evans . . . . . 50  
Mrs. Lehi . . . . . 15  
Mrs. Van Ducker . . . . . 25

Rec'd interest, Nov. 1, 1916, 5% on  
\$500, 6 months from May 1,  
1916, to Nov. 1, 1916 . . . . . 12 50

Rec'd from Puget Sound Association  
of the Deaf, Seattle,  
Wash., through Mr. True Par-  
tridge, Nov. 4, 1916 . . . . . 5 00

Grand Total . . . . . \$2,291 44

ANTON SCHROEDER,  
*Treas. De l'Epee Mem. Statue Com.*

2172 Carroll Ave., St. Paul, Minn.  
—December 1, 1916.

## The New Year.

Our backs are turned upon the  
past and our faces toward the future.  
We cannot bring back the past and  
we cannot change its record, but we  
may mould the coming months. So  
it is not a season for the intelligent  
forming of firm resolutions.

There is a duty before us; let us  
meet it. There are burdens which  
must be borne; let us bravely take  
up and patiently bear the burdens.

There are difficulties and uncertain-  
ties in the path; let us with a steady  
eye and unflinching step go forward.

We have some thing in our favor  
we did not have a year ago. We  
have twelve months of increased  
experience as well as the back-  
ground of our former life. We  
have greater strength and greater  
skill. We know how to do as we  
did not before.

The new year is a new opportunity,  
and we ought to be thankful for that.  
We have a chance to do better than  
ever before. Let us resolve to do it.

For some things are possible,  
some things are probable, and some  
things are certain. The future has  
its contingencies, but it has its cer-  
tainities as well as its possibilities and  
probabilities. We have within limita-  
tions a power to bring things to pass.  
Some things we can make possible,  
some things we can make probable,  
and some things we can make certain.

As to ourselves, we can make some  
things certain. As to others we can  
make many things possible or prob-  
able. With our free will, we act on  
others who are likewise free agents,  
and that very freedom creates a de-  
gree of uncertainty, varying from a  
mere possibility to a strong prob-  
ability and a moral certainty.

Faithful preparation and earnest  
effort will produce certain results  
upon and in ourselves, and especially  
as to moral and religious character.  
However we may fail as to others,  
there is a certainty of beneficial re-  
sults in ourselves. If we study we  
shall become more intelligent, if we  
do right the habit will grow into a  
firm character, and if we pray and  
commune with God our religious  
nature will rapidly develop.

Quickened by the thought that  
we have less time in which to work,  
let us enter upon our work with re-  
newed spirit, thankful that we have  
a new opportunity, and hopeful that  
good results will reward our faithful  
efforts.—*S. S. Journal.*

Happy New Year.—*English.*  
Prosit neu yahr.—*German.*  
Je vous desire bon june.—*French.*  
Tanti a gurio per l'anno nuovo.—*Italian.*  
Ruthies to, neon ettos.—*Greek.*  
Ett godt nyt or.—*Swedish.*  
Lshunni buro tikusov.—*Hebrew.*  
Zdarasti tojoloosta.—*Russian.*  
Kadirly senlar olsoon.—*Turkish.*  
Barry nor dary.—*Armenian.*  
Dobrio.—*Servian.*  
Kafe saati.—*Syrian.*  
Saluam.—*Arabian.*

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green,  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen,  
Then fly for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown,  
And every spot is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down,  
Come home and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among;  
God grant you find a face there  
You loved when you were young!  
—Charles Kingsley.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1917.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 162d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 1.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the  
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
STATION M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man :  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

This issue begins Volume Forty-Six of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

It is something to have lived and wrought for the interests of the deaf and in their welfare for that long span of years.

But we can always say that year after year we have been favored and helped by most of the intelligent, high thinking, and leading deaf. Whatever the differences in expressed opinion, all of them have been with us in the endeavor to uplift our class and to mitigate, so far as possible, the lifelong handicap that unkind fate has decreed they shall bear throughout the fierce rivalries and cold combats of this wicked world.

The deaf form a proportionately small class of every community. We find them bearing their burden of affliction, always uncomplainingly, generally courageously, and sometimes jauntily, while playing an active and useful part, amid the heartless, heedless throngs of jostling humanity.

Their condition in life is a lesson of courage and steadfast endeavor, that might well be emulated by those upon whom favor and fortune has conferred every natural advantage. Great is the credit that belongs to the schools that educate them, and wherein they are fitted, mentally, morally and physically, to meet the inexorable demand that man "by the sweat of his brow shall eat bread." And this applies to the mass of the deaf only, for there are many notable and brilliant instances where high success has been achieved, and where, despite their leaden handicap, the deaf have climbed higher and done better than their normally endowed fellowmen.

This year marks the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the first school for the deaf in America, an event that will be celebrated next July in Hartford, Ct., by an immense gathering of the "children of silence," to honor the memory of the great and good Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, through whose instrumentality and active endeavor schools for the education of the deaf of the New World became an accomplished fact. Gallaudet Day, December 10th, has been honored by the deaf throughout the land, and at the schools that educate them, every year for so long a time that no living deaf man knows when it was first instituted. He has also been honored in marble and bronze, in column and in statue, in painting, poetry, and verbal eulogy, to such an extent that no one can doubt the reverence and love and appreciation in which the deaf hold his name.

All this was accomplished by organized effort, first by the deaf of New England, but mainly through the National Association of the Deaf, whose adherents dot the map in every State of the Union, and whose work is not limited to outward expression, as portrayed in

sculpture and painting, but is pursued with the purpose of uplifting those for whom Gallaudet sacrificed worldly success and high emolument throughout his long and philanthropic career.

The deaf in this centennial year of education are a remarkably prosperous class of people. Ignorance among them is so rare as to pass unnoticed. Thrift and industry go hand in hand. By far the most powerful and successful organization, which encourages the virtues of thrift and right living, is the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. It has upwards of two thousand members and funds to the amount of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. It insures its members against accident, and pays insurance to their bereft families in the all-too-certain event of death.

The deaf are growing better and stronger in the world's work year by year. In almost every State there are organized associations for the purpose of doing good. They have erected and support homes for the aged and infirm of their class in several States. They have their own churches, and the deaf missionaries perform all the offices of religion and charity in specified dioceses that in every instance are so extended as to embrace more than a single State.

Contrasted with our brethren of other lands, we have cause for great rejoicing, and especially do our hearts go out to the deaf of war-scarred Europe.

May the great war end soon, and may the deaf, not only of our own blessed country but of all the world, have a prosperous and

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

AMONG the very large number of Christmas cards sent to me, only a portion of them were answered in kind. I take this method of returning thanks and greetings, and hope those who do not hear from me personally will understand that I was unable to "catch up" with the flood and perform my arduous daily stunt at the same time.

From our deaf poets, something original in their greetings deserves publication: To begin with, my brother editor of Alabama, Mr. J. H. Farlane, communes with the Muse in this fashion:—

A heaven-spiced wish in just a line  
That all the world's repeating;  
But words of cheer could not confine  
The hope that thrills that greeting.

Then from Jimmie Meagher, the blithesome bard of Vancouver:—

I sent a freight car full of cheer  
To thee each glad some yesterday;  
But cars are scarce and times are hard,  
So now I ship thee just a card.

And on the other side, pounded out on his Remington, are the following alliterative lines:—

Hodgson—jovial, gentle, deft,  
With spirit of a lad;  
The dauntless David of the Deaf,  
The Nestor of the Nad;  
Oh! would this weary world might see  
More mighty, manly men, like thee.

My long-time friend, the fertile-minded pencil wielder of Colorado Springs, George W. Veditz, greets me thusly:—

I pray the prayer the Easterners do,  
May the peace of Allah abide with you;  
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,  
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow;  
Through days of labor and nights of rest,  
The love of good Allah make you blest;  
So I touch my heart as the Easterners do,  
May the peace of Allah abide with you.

And lastly—but I will not say whence it came—is this verse:—

If Santa Claus should come and say:  
"Waddye want for Christmas, eh?"  
I'd ask for another such friend as you,  
And he'd call me a hog—that's what he'd do.

Thanks again to these and other friends, and may each Christmas and every New Year be filled for them with happiness and joy.

EDWIN A. HODGSON.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

To the Alumni and former students of Gallaudet, and to all who have a sincere interest in the college and its work, we extend cordial wishes for a most prosperous New Year.

We beg the indulgence of those of our readers who have missed this column last week. Lest some of you start after ye scribe with a pitchfork, we herewith submit in explanation of the column's non-appearance, the First Term Exams. The writer is not at all a mental colossus, like Braddock, '18, who can afford to view with complacency the coming of exams. On the contrary, he must "bore," and "grind," and burn petroleum in the wee sma' hours with the rest of our seekers after truth, if he hopes to emerge from the dreaded college ordeals unscathed.

"Early Washington" was the subject of an able and interesting lecture delivered before the undergraduates by Dr. Hotchkiss, on the evening of December 15th. Dr. Hotchkiss has gained during his long connection with Gallaudet College, as a student and teacher—a period which embraces nearly half a century—an intimate and extensive knowledge of the historic and aesthetic aspects of the National Capital. This he put to such good use, that he provided one of the most instructive and interesting lectures of the present year.

A lecture of more than passing interest was that delivered on a recent Sunday afternoon, by Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the great naturalist, whose many notable books upon animal life will no doubt be the source of pleasant recollections to our readers. Mr. Seton took as his subject "Woodcraft and Indian Life," which he treated in a manner that was at once both interesting and instructive. He delivered a large part of his discourse in "Natural Indian Signs," in which he is an expert, and was surprised to note that he was perfectly understood by his audience. Some of his natural signs were a bit grotesque, as compared with our flexible and graceful sign language, but were so simple that they were easily comprehensible.

In connection with the above lecture, it should prove of interest to the deaf in general to note the report that Mr. Seton is studying our sign language with an idea of incorporating it with the Boy Scout Manual.

The college was thrown into a panic recently by the appearance of twelve fire trucks of different kinds, comprising the whole District Fire Department. There was plenty of excitement for a few minutes, and the engines, together with an immense crowd which had been collected by the alarm, managed to reduce Kendall Green's well kept lawns to a fair imitation of the shell-swept fields around Verdun before it was discovered that there was no fire—not the ghost of one.

Both the college authorities and the Capital police would be delighted to make the acquaintance of the person who turned in the alarm, but he has so far wisely kept his identity a secret. A possible explanation of the matter is that some one got a hasty view of Doleson, P. C.'s roached, vermilion hued roof covering, and turned in the alarm without further investigation.

This year, the Christmas vacation at Gallaudet is unusually short, embracing as it does only five days, from December 23d to December 28th. Yet it is the determination of Gallaudet's sons and daughters to cram into this short period all the enjoyment possible.

Among the Yuletide visitors were Miss Amy Fowler and Ashland Martin, both of the Class of 1916, and Wallace D. Edgington, '15, who could not refrain from dropping in to wish their Alma Mater a Merry Christmas.

Miss Fowler, who is gaining success as a teacher in the Newport News (Va.) School, has not become so hardened by her three months as a "school marm" (if you please), but that she retain her "lines" and vivacity of yore, as well as a warm place in her heart for dear old Kendall Green.

Mr. Martin's success as a tire-finisher, with the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio, is such that the bank-roll he flashed on us made us seriously contemplate entering the hold up business.

Mr. Edgington is rapidly forging ahead as an experimental chemist. He has been for the past few months in the employ of the Diamond Match Company, of Oswego, N. Y.

The "lost" notices which have of late been appearing upon the College bulletin board tend to convince us that many of our students missed their mark in not going onto the comedy stage. We print the following without comment:

"Will the person who persuaded my hat to leave its hook in the basement kindly lead it back, in order to avoid complications with the local police court."  
(Signed)  
"B. M. SCHOWE, '18."

## BASKET BALL.

Some sort of a jinx seems to have gotten a strangle hold on Gallaudet athletics, affecting all sports alike. Last year, though represented by some of the best teams in various branches of sports, that the college has had in all her history, defeat after defeat was suffered, often at the hands of teams of mediocre ability.

This year, following one of the most disastrous football seasons in a decade, our veteran basketball aggregation has hit the toboggan, and at present indications seem bound for the cellar. Unless the team wakes up and shows more pep than it has in the recent games, it will be has been as far as the District title is concerned.

It all began with our ancient rival on the hardwood floor—Catholic University. After we had swamped Baltimore City College under a 51-25 score, the Catholic carded down from their cloisters in Brookland a patched-up, misfit bunch of ball fumbler, and walloped us to a turn, by a count of 34 to 30—and on our own floor at that!

True, they used football tactics most of the time, and were helped along by a wishy-washy referee—but they won. That is all there is to remember.

Following closely upon the heels of the Brooklanders, along came George Washington University with an upstart collection of basketball players, slow and inexperienced, and gave us a taste of the shingle. The score was only 30-21, but—ouch! how it hurt.

Now, jinx, if you're there, come out so we can unlimber our artillery on you. Or, if you don't want to be bombarded, then move on. We don't like your company. Seat!

Gallaudet, 21. George Washington, 30.

In a game played at the Y. M. C. A. last Saturday night, George Washington University did about everything it wanted to with the Gallaudet team, except eat it. It is likely that they might even have accomplished that, had it not been for the sterling work of William and A. Wenger.

With the possible exception of the two mentioned above, there was nothing commendable in Gallaudet's showing. The team had no "stuff" whatever. It appeared to be an illy chosen, misfit combination, and though every man on it was a veteran of at least two seasons, the players appeared green and inexperienced. They were as slow as molasses. Their team-work was execrable. They fumbled the ball repeatedly, seeming never able to hang onto it. Their passes were ill-timed and inaccurate. Moreover, the basket-shooting was about the rawest the writer has ever seen;—and so on.

The game was marred by looseness of play, and the total lack of anything resembling fighting spirit. Gallaudet was too polite, giving the ball to her opponent time and again on fumbles, and leaving her goal unguarded whenever the Hatchetites needed a basket. They seemed to think the ball was meant to look at, not to throw. This Alphonse-Gaston stuff is all right in its place, but a basketball game is no place for it.

Both teams played so slowly that a maiden lady in frail health could have outstripped them. The only difference was that Gallaudet played the slower game of the two.

Judging from the deplorable showing against the Hatchettes, the Gallaudet team appears slated for the discard unless the players inject more pep into their play. Even the staid and ladylike team of the Gallaudet Co-Eds could have put up a far scrappier exhibition. (It might be a wise move, by the way, to set the Varsity to knitting bibs and get up a team of the college girls to represent us.)

GALLAUDET. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIV.  
Schowe L.F. Gracomo  
R. Wenger B.F. Almon  
William C. Ellison  
Dorman L.B. Groesbeck  
A. Wenger H.B. Hills

Substitutes—For Gallaudet: Townsend for R. Wenger, Wilson for Dorman, Marshall for Wilson. George Washington: H. Wilson for Ellison, Bixler for Groesbeck, Goals from floor—Schowe, R. Wenger, William (2), A. Wenger, Almon (2), Gracomo (2), Ellison (2). Goals from foul—R. Wenger (4), A. Wenger (5), Almon (8). Re-free—Mr. James Colliflower. Umpire—Prof. Beckett. Time—Twenty minutes.

## CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

### NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 3 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Every Sunday, 3 P.M.  
Holy Communion, December 31st.

### Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

### AUTUMN, 1916.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 2 P.M.  
Waterbury—St. John's Church. Parish House, third Sundays of the month, at 7 P.M.  
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays of the month, at 7:30 P.M.  
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays at 2 P.M.  
Services in Pittsford and Springfield, Mass. by appointment.  
Address: Y. M. C. A. Hartford, Ct.

## TILDEN WILL RUN FOR PRESIDENCY.

2078 FRANKLIN ST.,  
OAKLAND, CAL., Dec. 10, 1916.

To the members of the N. A. D.:—  
To get up enthusiasm among you, to stay the dwindling of the membership of the N. A. D., and to create interest in the Hartford Convention, I desire to announce that I will stand as a candidate for the presidency of the N. A. D. in the primary election. It will, then, be proper to tell of the things in which I am interested.

### FEDERATION.

I still believe that Federation is the great solution. All that is required is spirit. Had there been no such disposition of mind in the time of Washington, there would be no America to-day. The people said to themselves all at once: "We ought to have liberty," and then they set out to get what they wanted. It would have been no good to take one American after another by the neck and thrust him by persuasion, trickery or main force, into the ranks. In like manner, if we say to ourselves: "We are sure that federation is good, for then we will have plenty of members and money," we can get it right away.

### PLANS.

What we have been trying to do in the past was to collect the deaf-mutes into a body. This is the correct definition of government. The Veditz, Regensburg, Hanson, etc., plans properly came under the designation of plan.

To-day we are asked to be interested in the Howson idea. It is not a plan like the plans mentioned above, because it waits on the consummation of certain things before it can be put in operation. It is like an air-inflated tire which is no good unless there is a wheel to receive that tire, after which the wheel will help carry on the automobile; in short, it will begin to be of use if there are members—the more of them the better, Howson says; and he assures us that in the end we will thrust our thumbs in the holes of our vests and twirl our fingers. Since he says so, we believe him, and—where is the harm in trying his system after we have federation?

The only thing to which I oppose, is the smallness of idealism which prompted Howson to say that if \$100,000 is reached, \$6300 is to go to salaries and \$1500 to expenses. I suppose that those expenses are for the needs of the committees, for the 20% commission for organizers, etc., so that the N. A. D. will have but little to spend for its legitimate aims. In other words, though it possesses \$100,000, it is to be still poorer than the N. A. D. is to-day, with its fluctuating membership of 500 to 1500; it is to have still slenderer means for carrying out the things it promises to in the preamble of its own Constitution. That is horrible! Horrible, because the dreams of the founders, with their yearnings, their strivings, their big-hearted animosities (you are sure they were fine fighters in those days) are to be dissipated in the air of modern Intellectual Priggishness, which is at the same time mercenary! Horrible, because the idealism of California for thirty years is to give away to the "business methods" of a deaf man who never did a thing for the deaf before 1915, and then could have his way only by countenancing assassination; and he was seconded by another deaf man who cares so little if he looks on the Institution as a commissary department, that he, with all his M.A., is never known to write a single article on education for the *Annals*!

In the last analysis, the N. F. S. D. is a business concern, and that is right, because for the promises that it is to pay in money, it must get obligations in money. But the N. A. D. is not a commercial body. What would you say, if our own esteemed Dr. Gallaudet, as President of the National Association of Principals and Teachers, should one day consider it fine to reward the humanity, self-abnegation and splendidly conceived faculty of those principals and teachers by offering them 20% for new members—even a bargain of some percentage off if they themselves join? If you like that idea, of course do not vote for me. For I, who had done writings that may fairly be considered worth thousands of dollars, and yet had never received a cent from the I. p. f.; who, as an officer of any deaf society, had never sent in a bill for so much as a two-cent stamp for my office work; and who had never received a single token of appreciation from the deaf except a fountain pen from a fraternal society, will, if elected President of the N. A. D., oppose all and any tendencies to drag the N. A. D. down from the pedestal of its old time idealism. If the N. A. D. wants to drop still quicker into the slough of mercenary priggishness, it may as well sell, for a set sum, the privilege of organizing and collecting dues to Howson as farmer-general, and he can, in his turn, sell to state farmers and make money. Such a system prevailed in Rome, France and China, and by the same system, the N. A. D. may not only be sure of holding a lump of money in its hands at the commencement of each year, but also use its membership increase in an amazing manner.

## ORALISM.

I am as usual opposed to UNREASONABLE ORALISM. What it is, every intelligent deaf-mute knows, and when the largest number of the deaf think alike, they ought to be right. I approve of Dr. Fox's paper, sent to the N. A. D. special meeting, as a scholarly document on the subject.

### CIVIL SERVICE.

Roosevelt and Taft said that the deaf can be employed, but then that a postmaster, for example, has a right to get as much efficiency out of his post office as a merchant has to get the same efficiency out of his store. We, therefore, have to go to the postmaster just as we would to the merchant; and, if the postmaster does not believe in us, it remains for us to make him do so.

### OTHER ISSUES.

The same policy will be pursued us to the suppression of impostors, the improvement of the economic status of the deaf, the raising of the endowment fund, etc., as has been pursued by other presidents of the N. A. D.

### THINGS THAT OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED.

Many things have been accomplished and then forgotten, but the one project which, by its permanency and influence, constitutes the greatest glory of the N. A. D., is perhaps the erection of the Gallaudet Monument at Washington. The work, I believe, was begun and finished during the Hodgson administration. Prof. Draper was treasurer, and as State treasurer, I collected more than \$500 in one summer for the N. A. D. fund. The older members may remember that when the Gallaudet memorial was suggested, there was doubt as to the size of the fund, but \$12,000—then considered surprisingly large—was eventually raised.

To-day the U. S. has one-third more population, is immeasurably richer, and has more educated deaf, and it ought to be much easier to get money for the Abbe de l'Epee Monument. What is needed, is the same get-together spirit, which I had mentioned. We ought not to rest till we get \$50,000. When \$10,000 is reached, we ought to choose a sculptor and have him prepare preliminary studies in their entirety. When the \$25,000 mark is reached, we will consider it time to contract with the sculptor for the execution of the full-size modelings. When the rest of the money comes in, we tell him to go ahead to carve in marble or cast in bronze. In this way our work is kept before the public; it will get the greatest publicity; the associated press and magazines are sure to print, and even the weekly movies may have reels of the subject. At any rate, where interest is enlisted, the easier the money is raised.

I will now tell you of still another thing which I think is great. The buildings of the Gallaudet College did well in the beginning. They are now old. A new and comprehensive system ought to be built on the grounds for \$2,000,000. There ought to be something of that sort that is more in keeping with the dignity of the U. S. Of course we do not have to start it at all once; we can start with a splendid porticoed administration building, on the steps of which the Gallaudet monument can have a new setting like we see at the Columbia University. More than ten years ago the University of California offered a prize of \$10,000 for the best drawings of a collection of buildings for a college, and a French architect won it. The University is being built according to that plan—one or two buildings a year—and when the Barnard plan is fully carried out, of course with modification, the total cost will perhaps be \$25,000,000. In like manner, we can put ourselves under the direction of the president of the Gallaudet College and co-operate with him, by agitating year in and year out for a better college for us—we, scattered over the U. S., can besiege Congress without any letting up, with help of Senators and a lot of Representatives. Why not? We the American deaf are a part of the people; the college belongs to us; we have just as much right to be interested in our own seat of learning as the hearing classes are in their own. This I think, is a great idea for the N. A. D.

## THE HARTFORD INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

Having seen such a suggestion mentioned in our press, I consider it a good one. The world is looking up to the U. S. in a manner unknown in the time of our Paris and Chicago congresses, and it is probable that all the warring countries will court the idea of having deaf delegates coming to us. I am especially interested in "international congress," because I was responsible for the inauguration of such a body at Paris—the first one in the history of the deaf-mute history.

### CONCLUSIONS.

Having said all the above, I repeat that, with your leave, I will offer myself as candidate in the primary election. I think I am a pretty good end-of-the-century specimen of a deaf-mute. I first contributed to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL when of the age of an average junior of

your college—I sent my first article to the *Annals* when twenty-four, and since then my record has been before you. About this candidness; I have written to nobody; I consult nobody; I make no promises. All classes are alike to me, for are we not all deaf-mutes? and, if I am President, I will commit myself to the carrying out of all the N. A. D. ideals, and perhaps do more.

This is perhaps my only communication to you; you talk among yourselves, and if the primary election shows that you are good judges, I will thank you much. If you are not in good standing, pay up and vote; and, if you are especially impressed by the merit, importance, fitness, or any other word you like, of this letter, you go to your deaf neighbors who are non-members and get them to join. Say to them, "Tilden is to run, but remember he can do nothing without your votes." Remember, also, that, after the primary election, no two deaf-mutes from the same State can run for the same office. In the former times, we were vexed by the fact that every time a convention meets, a president is elected by "local color." Our new system is meant to do away with this fault. But the N. A. D. membership is fast dwindling. If one State keeps together the biggest list of membership, it holds the balance of power and elects. That is as bad as before; therefore, OUR NEW SYSTEM WOULD BE A FAILURE. You prevent that by paying up or getting your friends to join.

I look confidently to the expression of the will of the American deaf, which I doubt not will be dictated by fairness and progressiveness.

Very truly yours,  
DOUGLAS TILDEN.

## "Dummy" Mulcahy Holds Base Stealing Record.

"Dummy" Hoy made his mark as a deaf-mute outfielder in fast company, "Dummy" Taylor starred as a pitcher for the Giants and Pat Donovan is authority for the statement that a deaf-mute battery made its mark in the Western League, but it remains for "Dummy" Mulcahy to round out the infield. He is Timothy A. Mulcahy who resides at 488 Marion Street, and who is negotiating with George Wiltse for a tryout at third base with the Albany Club.

Mulcahy is not only declared by many expert baseball authorities as being a clever infielder, but he is one of the fastest base runners who ever played independent ball. He holds what it is claimed to be a record, in that he stole second, third, and home on three pitched balls, something that Ty Cobb has yet to achieve. He has played with Tona-wanda, Danbury, Douglas and Long Branch, and is considered ripe for a minor league berth. His affliction, which was the result of an attack of scarlet fever when he was four years old, does not handicap him on the ball field. He was educated at St. Joseph's Institute, Westchester, and not only known as baseball star, but is quite a boxer.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, December 17.

## Ponies of Sable Island.

Situated about eighty-five miles eastward of the coast of Nova Scotia is Sable Island, the home of herds of wild ponies. Once a year, writes Mr. Silver in "Farm-Cottage, Camp and Canoe in Maritime Canada," the wild ponies are rounded up. They are driven into a pound, and are bound and taken to the hold of a government boat.

Certainly Sable Island does not exactly tally with one's preconceived notion of the character of a horse ranch. Yet here the ponies thrive in average seasons; here they roam in ignorance of the labors which most of their race are fated to endure, until at last the evil day arrives of the annual drive, when the whole island is swept from end to end, and a kicking, snorting, terrified mass is driven into a large pound.

Two or three dozen of selected ponies are then lassoed, thrown down, bound, rolled over upon a hand-barrow, lifted up and slid into the surf-boat, rowed out, and finally hoisted on for conveyance to Halifax.

The horses of Sable Island are seldom seen lying down to rest. They often sleep standing. They persistently refuse the shelter of a stable, or even the rough sheds erected for their comfort, and shun the near presence of man.

In severe weather it is the habit of the horses to gather in the gulches or hollows between the sandhills. Here they arrange themselves in regular order, the colts in the center, their elders outside of them, and the master stallion in the most exposed situation of all.

As all the ponies are under thirteen hands, their usefulness is restricted. Some prove extremely serviceable animals, easily kept, with fair speed and great endurance, especially under the saddle. As a rule, when once broken and well cared for, they become affectionate and docile.—*Youth's Companion*.

A human being cannot breathe at a height of seven miles from the earth.



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

It began amid the savory odor of boiling coffee. It ended amid a cloud of dusty confetti and a tangle of gaudy serpentine. At its commencement everybody was seated prim and sedate in the straight-backed chairs ranged round the Guild Room. At its conclusion everybody was out in the middle of the room trying to throw a last handful of confetti. It was advertised as a Christmas carnival; so it was, with New Year Eve trimmings, a hilarious riot of merriment, that lasted till Sexton Dobbs shoed the last merry-maker out into the street. At the Christmas carnival in St. Ann's Guild Room there was a crowd of over a hundred and fifty—all ready for any kind of fun the evening had in store for them. Chairman Wiemuth and his aides exerted themselves to the utmost and succeeded. Gaudy glengaries for hats, were distributed, confetti and serpentine were too soon disposed of, and a box of candy and a present was handed each guest. There were some games and numerous prizes, all worth while. Well, everybody had a good time—if you don't believe it ask any one who was there. Assisting Mr. Wiemuth were Mrs. Mc Mann, Violet Pearce, Anna Klaus, Nettie Miller, John Dobbs and everybody present.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League members, with their wives, sweethearts and lady friends, to the number of one hundred and fifty, saw the Old Year die and the New Year born, on Sunday night, December 31st, 1916, gradually merged into Monday morning, January 1st, 1917.

Arrivals began about nine o'clock, and the big rooms fairly buzzed with conversation till ten, when Mr. Francis W. Nuboor, President-elect and chairman of the special committee, introduced President Frankenheim. The latter made an address, splendid in its simplicity and clearness of sign delivery, outlining the history of the League from its small beginning at his home, at 49th Street and Lexington Avenue, on January 3d, 1886, and its vicissitudes and fortunes up to the present day. The roster thirty years ago was four members, to-day it numbers one hundred and ten, and has spacious, well-furnished and conveniently situated rooms, that offer clean and wholesome recreation for those who otherwise might have their lives darkened by loneliness or ruined by temptations of the great city. He paid a tribute to the original members, and mentioned the great service rendered by the father of Mr. Arthur C. Bachrach.

Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, the only deaf member, also made a few pertinent remarks.

Chairman Nuboor closed the speech-making with a fine address, and announced that supper was ready to be served. This consisted of chicken salad, sweet pickles, sandwiches, ice cream and coffee. Sweet cider was served, and Cresta Blanca vintages and champagne were on sale for those who desired them.

The New Year was ushered in with heartiest greetings, amid showers of confetti, and at a little after one o'clock the exodus for home began.

The committee in charge was composed as follows: Messrs. F. W. Nuboor (Chairman), Samuel Frankenheim, Emil Bach and Moses W. Loew, aided by the entertainment committee, Messrs. Felix A. Simonson, Lawrence Weinberg and Osmond Loew.

It was one of the best managed, happiest and most orderly affairs ever given by any organization of the deaf.

As there was no account of a quite interesting incident in this paper last week, the writer wishes it be made known that Mr. E. A. Hodgson, who attended the Gallaudet Club dinner the evening previous, very narrowly escaped injury to his limbs and possibly death, and as it were, is to be congratulated for not meeting with a worse accident than a bad shake up in which the left ribs and his left temple were slightly bruised. He, together with Mr. Frankenheim and Mr. Kohlman, left the New Bingham Hotel for the Reading Station, diagonally opposite across the street, and the latter two gentlemen, being in the van, entered the station first, and when they turned around, they were surprised that Mr. Hodgson did not follow them inside, so they waited for a few moments for his appearance, and becoming impatient, retraced their steps and were astonished when they beheld Mr. Hodgson coming in with a mud splashed face and bedraggled coat. He explained that he was knocked down by a fast-moving limousine that dashed around the corner and skidded on

the hard snow and ice and knocked him fifteen or twenty feet, he landing on his left shoulder. Several citizens lifted him, and the negro chauffeur got out and mumbled something, and in return for this, Mr. Hodgson, although well on in his years, replied by delivering him a stinging blow on the chin. A gentleman told Mr. Frankenheim that he saw the accident, and said that the driver was entirely at fault, and that Mr. Hodgson should have got the number and then have him arrested for reckless driving.

On Saturday evening, December 23d, 1916, at the "Lexington," Manhattan, Miss Sadie Shapiro was united in marriage to Mr. Joseph Goldstein by Rev. Mr. Amateau. After the wedding ceremony an elegant supper was served.

Mr. Joseph Goldstein is a very modest but pleasing individual, not given to boasting, then winning friends wherever he goes. He has a lucrative position with a large cloak concern, where he has been employed for a number of years. He is a member of the Union League and Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

The bride is a charming and popular young lady. Those present at the wedding were: Mr. and Mrs. Lowenherz, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Krienik, and Misses Hornstein, Jacobs, Socolof, and Messrs. Mirbach, Weiner and Krieger.

Christmas is always a joyous time at St. Ann's Church. This year the celebration began on Sunday afternoon with a special service conducted by Rev. Mr. Keiser. The choir rendered special hymns "Silent Night! Holy Night," and "Hark! What Mean those Holy Voices," "Angels from the Realm of Glory," and "O, Holy Night," in almost perfect time to the melody. Christmas morning, Dr. Chamberlain celebrated the Holy Communion. The poor among the deaf were not forgotten on this holiday. Baskets containing a five pound round of beef, coffee, sugar, fruit, nuts, etc., were distributed among them. This annual donation at Thanksgiving and Christmas is made possible by contributions from members of the Church and a few other good friends.

Tuesday evening, December 26th, St. Stephen's Day the services in the Church was to commemorate the Consecration of St. Ann's Church. It was also the birthday of Laurent Clerc, who accompanied Thomas H. Gallaudet from France to Hartford, in 1817, when the first School for the Deaf in the United States was opened.

A telegram from Winnipeg, Manitoba, announces the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Dean E. Tomlinson, on Wednesday, December 27. Mrs. Tomlinson was Miss Louise E. Turner, of Brooklyn. Heartiest congratulations.

James Askew, originally from Virginia, but for a year or so employed in a Maine shoe factory, is in New York, visiting his brother who lives in upper Broadway. If he gets employment, he will remain here permanently.

The mother of Mr. H. Henriques, of Brooklyn, passed away on December 19th, in her eightieth year. Yellow Jaundice was the cause of death. She was buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery, on Friday, December 22d.

MARRIED—On December 17th, Miss Fannie Paul to Jacob Friedman.

### The Sanders Wedding Anniversary.

In the chronicle of the 25th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Sanders, of Philadelphia, the following record of presents was omitted: From the family—Billie's lavalliere with Rhodinite stones, and several pieces of silver for personal and table use. Silver tray; Miss Gerow; silver candlesticks, Miss Germane; silver cheese knife, Miss Schweriner; silver salted nut bowl, Mr. E. E. Bray; silver single flower vase, Miss Milnes; five dollars, Mr. H. Friemel; cut glass bowl, Mr. and Mrs. Houston; cut glass vase, Mr. and Miss Donohue; silver and china fruit bowl, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Detweiler; fine linen dollies, Miss Kintzel; handsome knit jacket, Mrs. Underwood; photograph, Rev. George Hefflon; a dozen fine cups and saucers, flowers, telegrams and cards.

Dr. J. R. Dobyns, formerly Superintendent of the Mississippi School for the Deaf, who resigned that position to become President of the Southwestern University, at Clarksville, Tenn., has been elected President of the Stonewall Jackson Institute, a Presbyterian School for Girls, at Abingdon, Va., and has accepted the office. He will take charge on the first of January. The Institute at Abingdon was burned last spring and new buildings have been erected. Dr. Dobyns has many friends here and elsewhere in the State who will welcome him to Virginia.—*The Virginia Guide*.

## HARTFORD.

Hartford, now a city of 125,000 souls, is rich in historical association, having been settled in 1635 by Rev. Thomas Hooker. It was named after Hartford, a city in England. It was the Constitution of the Hartford colony adopted in 1639, that was used as model 150 years later for the national constitution.

The famous Charter Oak, in whose trunk was concealed the charter of the Connecticut Colony for two years, is no longer standing, but a monument, the Charter Oak Memorial, now marks the spot. This charter was won by Governor John Winthrop to the Colonists from Charles II, King of England in 1662. The oak fell in 1856. The original, charter engrossed on three parchment skins, is in the State Library, framed in wood from the tree which concealed it from the minions of James II. All the colonies but Connecticut were subject to the kingly veto power.

The State Capitol, a massive granite structure, has been called the model capitol building of the world. It contains the old tomb stone of General Israel Putnam, the famous Revolutionary patriot. South of the Capitol is the State Library and Supreme Court building, a fire-proof granite building of the Italian Renaissance style of architecture, which cost \$15,000,000. The Capital Dome is brilliantly illuminated at night with a myriad of electric lights.

Hartford is the Park City of America, having twenty two parks within its confines. Bushnell Park, in which the Capitol grounds are located, cost over \$1,000,000. Statues of General Putnam and Dr. Wells, the discover of anesthesia, are in Bushnell Park. Elizabeth Park, in the western part of the city, is famous for its rose garden, the largest and most beautiful in the country, containing 275 varieties of roses and 10,000 different plants. Colt Park, containing over 100 acres, is the city's great playground, has a large memorial statue of Colonel Samuel Colt, the inventor of the Colt revolver, a bowling green, tennis and valley ball courts, fourteen ball diamonds, elaborate outdoor gymnastic apparatus and a running track. Goodwin Park in the southern part of the City, is probably the largest park and has public golf links and spacious grounds for the annual fetes of the public schools. The superintendent of the park system, George A. Parker, is a recognized authority on this subject.

Hartford is one of the first cities to adopt a permanent city planning commission, with the purpose of making it "The City Beautiful." It has more and better paved streets than most other cities of its size. The Connecticut River Bridge, a \$2,000,000 stone arch, spans the river between Hartford and East Hartford. The State Armory and Arsenal, a million dollar structure, is located near the Capitol.

It is, perhaps, the largest insurance city out of New York, the Traveler's Insurance Company, the Aetna, Phoenix Fire, Connecticut, General Life Insurance and the Hartford Fire, being the leading companies with offices located in Hartford. The tax list is over \$1,000,000, Hartford being a wealthy city for its size.

The new Union Station will be an object of interest to Hartford visitors, the railroad facilities being convenient and ample. Systems of trolleys radiate from the city in all directions, making Hartford a convenient shopping district for a wide radius.

Hartford has just completed a new Municipal Building at a cost of \$1,670,000. Trinity College, almost a hundred years old, will be an object of interest to visitors to the convention, as it is the *Alma Mater* of Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet.

The Underwood and Royal Typewriters are made in Hartford, the superintendent of the Underwood factory being a director of the Hartford School.

The Hartford Chamber of Commerce, which is convenient to the school, has a permanent exhibit of Hartford's products showing the work of one hundred exhibitors in convenient form.

The Morgan Memorial is a museum which was given by J. Pierpont Morgan and contains many of the objects in the Morgan Art Collection, including tapestries, painting, books, rare manuscripts, porcelain, mineralogy and specimens of natural history. An armory is shown which traces the development of firearms and the revolver.

The State School for the Blind is located in Hartford. Many notable people formerly resided in Hartford, including Mark Twain, Noah Webster, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, Edmund C. Stedman, John Fiske, historian; Lydia H. Sigourney, Rose Terry Cooke, William Gillette, actor; Clyde Fitch, dramatist; Otis Skinner, actor; Mary Garden, singer; and Lew Dockstader, minstrel.

EDWARD PERKINS CLARKE. London has a fireboat which throws a ton and a half of water each minute.

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

December 23, 1916—People upon awakening Friday morning found the earth shrouded with a thick layer of the "beautiful." It seems to have come of a sudden accompanied by a strong wind, which shifted the fleecy elements in drifts to over a foot all over the city, and as a consequence street car traffic was at a standstill. Every body had to walk to his work or business. School buildings were depopulated. Railway trains coming and going were from three to four hours late, and for a time it looked as if the pupils' home going, which was scheduled for noon, would have to be deferred. But to look upon the scene. It was glorious, the mantle of pure whiteness everywhere. Just proper for a Christmas. The morning session of school had to be given up, for it was difficult for teachers to wade through the snow. The older boys willingly lent their help to clear the grounds, and by 9:30 had paths made out. At chapel Superintendent Jones told the pupils that by noon trains would probably be able to move through, street cars except on High Street were not running, and those who left at that time would have to walk either to High Street or to the depot. Teachers of each class accompanied their pupils to trains. As was to be expected, every train was late, but they got off, and it is to be hoped reached home safely even though late. Train schedule had not improved Saturday, for those who left on that day for their homes.

Only about forty pupils will spend the Christmas vacation at the school, but they will be made to enjoy the occasion. Dr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson left this morning for Indiana, to spend the holidays with his sister. Mr. August Beckert was shaking hands with friends of the school yesterday. He came down from Piqua Thursday evening, where he has been working since the reunion. This morning he left for Sandusky, his home, to spend the Yuletide with his wife and her folks, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis.

Mr. Jacob Showalter left last evening for Dayton, to spend his vacation with his son, Benjamin. Mr. Collins Sawhill and daughter, Mabel, of Braddock, Pa., will spend the holidays at Collingwood, near Cleveland. In renewing his subscription to the JOURNAL, Mr. Nathan R. McGrew, of Gilman, Iowa, states that he has been kept at home taking care of his sister, who is a sufferer of some malady that has kept her bedfast for the past eight months. He promised his parents before their deaths to always take care of his sister, and he has faithfully carried it out thus far. He has a nurse to tend to her.

It is stated that Mr. Warren Shaffer, who has been acting as Boys' D Supervisor since school opened in the fall, has resigned and will go to Akron, Ohio, for employment.

The children of the writer with their children will pass the holiday season at the parental home—all are present now except George, of Boston, who started westward yesterday afternoon and scheduled to arrive home this afternoon.

Mrs. Joseph Loh went up to Kenton last week, to be with her aged parents. She reports her father's condition precarious, owing to advanced age.

We extend a joyous Christmas Greeting to all the JOURNAL readers and may a happy, prosperous 1917 be their lot. A. B. G.

**Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf.** St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House 523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge. Mr. Thomas Marsden, Lay Reader. Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES: Evening Prayer and Sermon every Sunday, 8:00 P.M. Holy Communion and Sermon last Sunday in each month, 11 A.M. Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M. ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

**Lutheran Mission** Divine services are held every Sunday, in New York City, at 3 P.M., in St. Luke's Church, on 42d Street, between Times Square and Eighth Avenue.

In Brooklyn, every Sunday at 7:30 P.M., in the Parish House of St. Mark's Church, Jefferson Street and Bushwick Avenue, near Myrtle Avenue and Broadway Station.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor. Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church. Eighth Street, between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

Rev. T. H. Anderson, Pastor. Mrs. ROSE CHENUT, Mute-Interpreter. Sabbath School—2 to 3 P.M. Sermon—3 to 4 P.M. R. P. Mute Endeavor Society—4:15 P.M.

Prayer Meeting—Every first Wednesday of every month. Everybody Welcome.

**RELIGIOUS NOTICE** Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana. J. W. MICHAEL, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all questions. Address all mail to Box 117, Fort Smith, Ark.

## Impostor Chasing

EDITOR: Will you kindly allow me space in the JOURNAL and call attention to the nation wide circulation of appeal from J. Fredrick Meagher, Director of the Impostor Bureau of the N. A. D., that if possible, every state organizer should enlist his state legislature to secure passage of the deaf impostor bill?

If such a bill of every state is passed, to what purpose is its accomplishment?

Are we supposed to work it out as to the prosecution of impostor frauds to the extent of the law, which is within our legal right, by displaying the status of the bill in the public served as a notice in hotel lobby, business building, R. R. station, steamship, trolley car, cafe, el cetera, too numerous to mention?

This would establish a right as a warning under penalty of the law, and it cannot escape the attention of every one. It would work for us and educate the public in a comprehensive and efficient result.

The bill of Minnesota, which has become law, does not work its efficiency so far yet, not because of its failure—the failure on the part of the deaf people of the impostor bill in public places.

I will relate an incident of its negligence. In the summer of 1915 I stopped in the city of Minneapolis and at noon time. Mr. J. C. Howard and two of his hearing friends and myself lunched in a fashionable cafe. I noticed a young, rather shabby looking mutt, passing from table to table with a paper in his hand soliciting alms. However, he got scant attention. When he came to me with the paper I noticed it was a neat typewritten paper, describing his affliction as deaf and dumb and an appeal for any sum of money. It caught the eyes of Mr. Howard, and he asked what it was.

I said, "Hub, Deaf Impostor," and showed the paper across to him. At first glance he turned around and asked in an authoritative manner, in signs, "Are you deaf and dumb?"

The young man looked startled and began to speak.

"I ain't," the evidence of a beginner at the alphabet card.

"Is that so?" orally asked Mr. Howard, his attitude denoting a strong personality.

The man cast his eyes to the floor, conscious of his guilt. Disgusted, Mr. Howard left the table to have the masked man nabbed, but the devil beat it off, his case exposed and his flight witnessed created a sensation. It was not only wrong but dirty work, and deviltry of which the public needs to be warned from time to time and which could be done with displaying the status of the impostor law in a conspicuous place in public places.

There is a paragraph in the Nad Fourth Quarter following like this: "We failed to secure passage of the only bill introduced in a state legislature this last year. Chief Mueller of Kentucky spent \$50 of his own savings in a spectacular effort and failed through no fault of his own."

This has been reported in the DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL last spring, it aroused a nation wide sympathy for him.

But, why was not the bill pushed through, not only for the protection of the deaf people, but for the good of the state?

Plenty of time has been given the legislature to consider the case during the session. Did you ever see that the body of the legislature displayed lax symptoms?

We are fortunate in having the service of a hustling and energetic young man, in person of J. F. Meagher, who is campaigning this vigorous prosecution of the impostor fraud business in this country. Keep on in the good work until victory will be attained.

A. S. HEYER.

## Rheumatism

PHYSICIANS are at last coming to realize that a small collection of bacteria at some hidden point—the root of a tooth, or the depths of a tonsil, for instance—is likely to cause serious trouble at some distant point. This may manifest itself as "rheumatism," really painful joints, or in inflammation of the eyes.

Doctors now call this "focal infection," and the New York Medical Journal calls it the most interesting of the activities of bacteria. "After removal of the focal infection," it says, "the patient's rapid recovery, in many instances, is little short of marvelous. In most cases no further treatment seems to be necessary. The joints cease to be painful, and the convalescent goes on his way rejoicing."

The New York Medical Journal recommends as a cure for ivy poisoning, that the affected parts be washed freely and continuously with a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda in ice water.

It is probable that less than one-third of the world's population get what the Americans call a "square meal" three times a day.

## ONTARIO CANADA.

### TORONTO

To you, Mr. Editor, all your readers and others, a Very Happy and Prosperous New Year, and remember to make it 1917.

As the Ontario Association of the Deaf postponed the convention last June until another year had gone by, many of our friends are now asking one another, "Will it be held this coming June." Perhaps a definite answer will be given out later.

Mr. William Boulding, of Mount Forest, was at our Sunday services on December 17th, and we were pleased to meet him. He says if he can secure a good position here he will move with his wife and child to this city next Spring. Mr. Boulding is a printer by trade.

Miss Mildred Anderson left on December 23d, to join her parents in Phelps, N. Y., where she will likely remain for some time.

On December 14th, the ladies who belong to the Soldiers Sock Knitting Circle quietly assembled at her residence, and took their leader, Mrs. J. R. Byrne, by surprise, and then presented her with a purse of gold as a slight token of their love for her. Mrs. Byrne was much overcome by such tangible evidence of loving affection, and made a fitting reply. The evening was then spent in pleasant conversation, winding up with refreshments.

On Sunday, December 10th, a special collection, apart from the regular collection, was taken up at our church, and a tidy sum was obtained as a Christmas treat for our deserving poor.

I. O. U.

### A Clever Slave.

A long time ago there live a poor slave whose name was Æop. He was a small man with a large head and long arms. His face was white, but very homely. His large eyes were bright and snappy.

When Æop was about twenty years old, his master lost a great deal of money and was obliged to sell his slaves. To do this, he had to take them to a large city where there was a slave market.

The city was far away, and the slaves must walk the whole distance. A number of bundles were made up for them to carry. Some of these bundles contained the things they would need on the road; some contained clothing, and some contained goods which the master would sell in the city.

"Choose your bundles, boys," said the master. "There is one for each of you." Æop at once chose the largest one. The other slaves laughed and said he was foolish. But he threw it upon his shoulders and seemed well satisfied.

The next day, the laugh was the other way. For the bundle which he had chosen had contained the food for the whole party. After all had eaten three meals it, it was very much lighter. And before the end of the journey Æop had nothing to carry, while the other slaves were groaning under their heavy loads.

"Æop is a wise fellow," said his master. "The man who buys him must pay a high price."

A very rich man, whose name was Xanthus, came to the slave market to buy a servant. As the slaves stood before him, he asked each one to tell what kind of work he could do. All were eager to be bought by Xanthus, because they knew he would be a kind master. So each one boasted of his skill in doing some sort of labor.

One was a fine gardener; another could take care of horses; a third was a good cook; a fourth could manage a household.

"And what can you do, Æop?" asked Xanthus.

"Nothing," he answered. "Nothing! How is that?" "Because, since these other slaves do everything, there is nothing left for me to perform," said Æop.

This answer pleased the rich man so well that he bought Æop at once and took him to his home on the island of Samos.

In Samos the little slave became known for his wisdom and courage. He often amused his master and his master's friends by telling droll fables about birds and beasts that could talk. They saw that all these fables taught some great truth, and they wondered how Æop could have thought of them.

Many other stories are told of this wonderful slave. His master was so much pleased with him that he gave him his freedom. Many great men were glad to call him their friend, and even kings asked his advice and were amused by his fables.—*Fifty Famous Stories*.

The New York Medical Journal recommends as a cure for ivy poisoning, that the affected parts be washed freely and continuously with a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda in ice water.

It is probable that less than one-third of the world's population get what the Americans call a "square meal" three times a day.

## The Passing Years.

They're passing away, these swift, sweet years, Like a leaf on the current cast; With never a break in the rapid flow, We watch them as one by one they go Into the beautiful past.

As light as the beautiful thistle-down, As fond as a lover's dream, As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat, As sweet as life wood-bird's wooing note, So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass Down the dim-lighted stair; We hear the sound of their steady tread In the steps of centuries long since dead, As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years yet to live; Shall we waste them in idle strife? Shall we trample under our ruthless feet These beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet, By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years. Oh, let No envious taunts be heard; Make life's fair pattern of rare design, And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine, But never an angry word.

—*New York Despatch*.

### S. L. SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTEZ, Pastor, 3525 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

### Baptist Minister to the Deaf.

Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

REV. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A., Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL. The minister makes a specialty of Reading and Lectures for Social organizations, Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in above States. Address: Keokuk, Mo.

### Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WILKIN, General Missionary, 2018 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES: First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Bible Class—Meetings, every Sunday except the first, 4:30 P.M.

Guided and other meetings every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

### St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Priest-in-Charge. Edwin W. Hefflon, and Albe T. Tufts, Lay Readers.

24—Boston, 11 A.M. and Providence, 8 P.M. Rev. G. H. Hefflon.

25—N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes, Christ Church, 28th, Holy Communion, 8 P.M.

31—Boston, 11 A.M. and 4 P.M., Mr. Hefflon. Worcester, 3:15 P.M., Mr. Hefflon.



## ALBANY DIVISION, No. 51

NATIONAL FRATERNAL  
SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

— WISHES TO ANNOUNCE THAT A —

### Big Night

— IS BEING PLANNED FOR —

Saturday Evening, Feb. 24, 1917

[Watch this space for full particulars]

JOHN F. KOEPER, Chairman,  
309 Veeder Avenue,  
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

## MASQUERADE BALL.

Under the Auspices of

The New Haven Alumni Branch

For the benefit of the Alumni Fund for Hartford 1917 Convention

### WENTWORTH HALL

1044 Chapel Street  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

SATURDAY, January 13, 1917, at 8 o'clock

MUSIC

PRIZES GIVEN

Admission - 35 cents

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS:

MICHAEL LAPIDES.

1892 1917

### SILVER JUBILEE

OF THE

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

TO BE CELEBRATED BY A

### Charity Ball

AT

Palais Revoir

1217 Bedford Ave., near Fulton Street

Saturday Evening,  
January 20, 1917

Music by Prof. A. K. Reiff

Tickets, Gentleman and Lady, 50 Cts.  
Lady 25 Cts.  
(Including Wardrobe)

Anthony C. Reiff, Chairman,  
19 Arlington Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

COMMITTEE

Robert A. Kerstetter Archie J. McLaren  
William G. Gilbert John Wilkinson  
Alexander McIlwraith

[How to reach the Hall. Take Fulton St.  
Trolley from Brooklyn Bridge to Bedford  
Ave., or Trolley from Williamsburgh  
Bridge, Nostrand Ave. to Hancock St.  
Walk one block to Bedford Ave.]

INDUSTRIAL, PUBLIC UTILI-  
TY, RAILROAD, MUNICI-  
PAL AND GOVERNMENT  
BONDS FOR INVESTMENT

to yield from 4% to 6%  
in denominations of  
\$100, \$250, \$500, and \$1,000

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

REPRESENTING

LEE, HIGGINSON & Co.,  
18 WEST 107TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

Every Subway Station in  
the Borough of Manhattan,  
Brooklyn and Bronx is a  
direct entrance to

### The New Pach Studio

111 Broadway, N. Y.

Get out at Wall Street and  
take elevator to the Studio  
without going out of doors  
at all.

Not only safest for the  
little ones, but our photo-  
graphs are CHEAPEST and  
BEST.

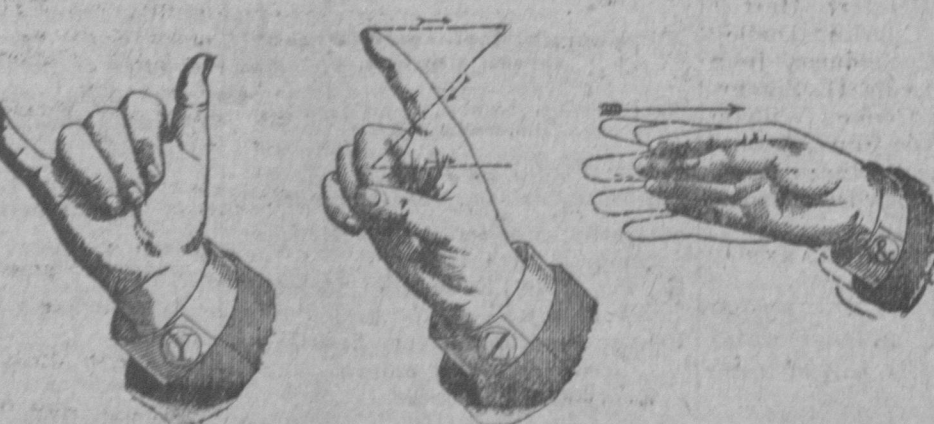
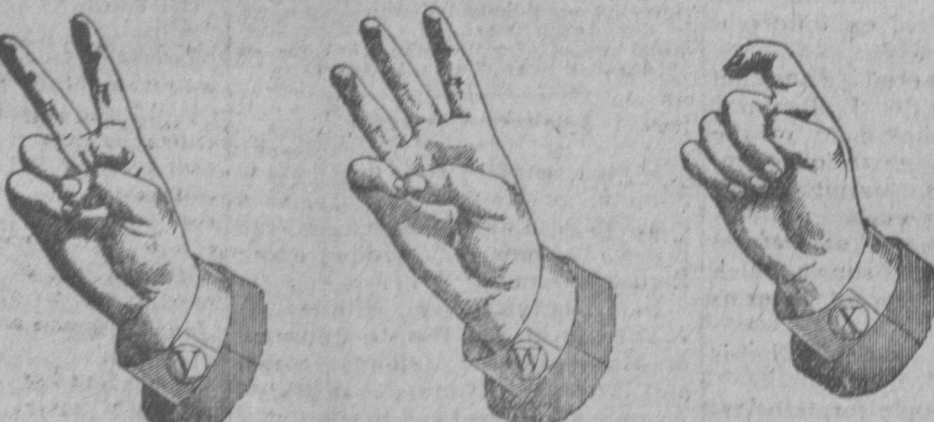
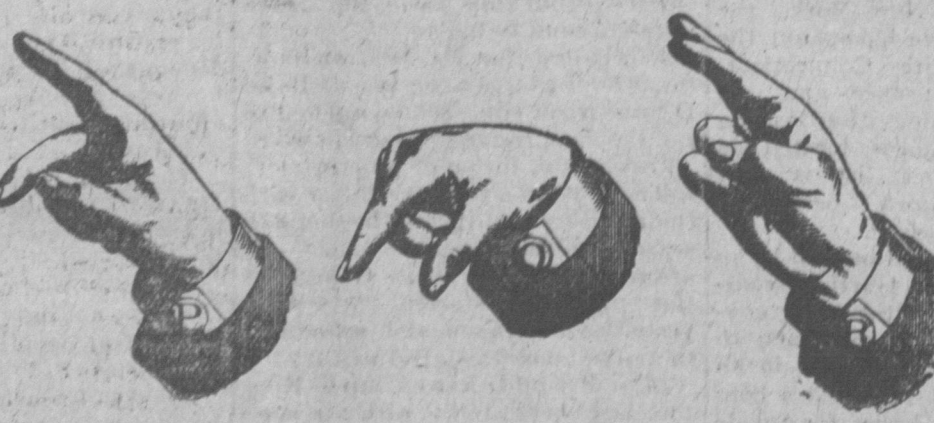
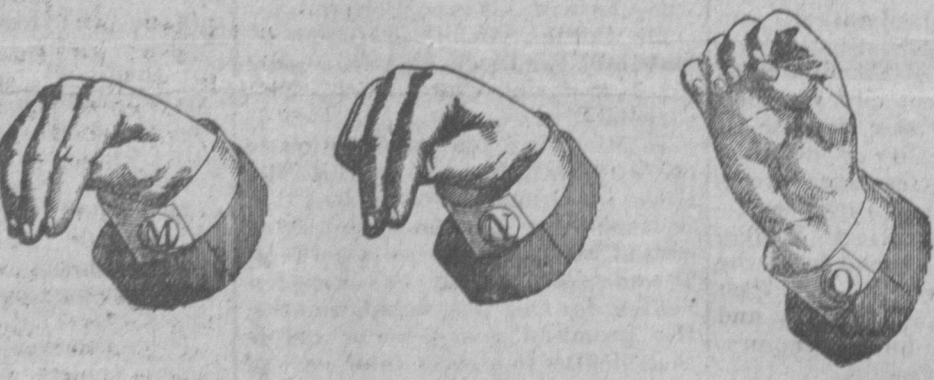
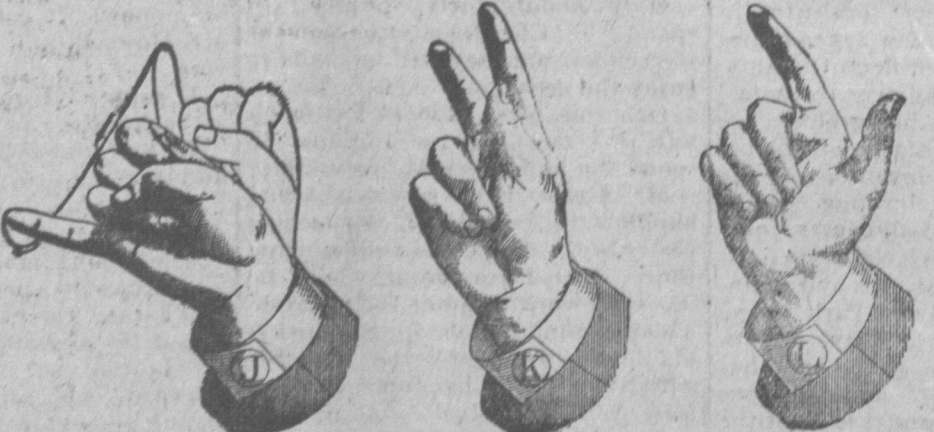
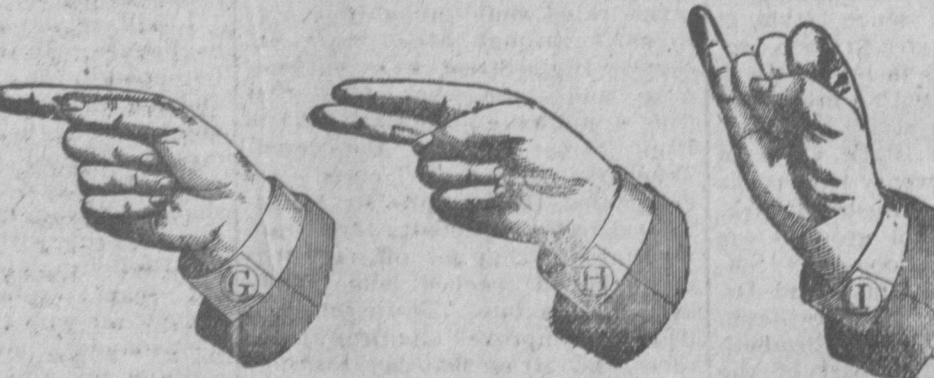
Pach Photograph Co.,

ALEXANDER L. PACH,

President and Gen. Manager.

TRINITY BUILDING  
111 Broadway.

## AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



## ST. ANN'S CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

511 West 148th Street, New York City

Services Every Sunday, 9 a.m. and 3 p.m.  
Holy Communion, 1st Sunday, 3 p.m.  
3d Sunday, 9 a.m.

### COMING EVENTS

Club Nights Every Tuesday and Thursday  
EIGHT TO ELEVEN P.M.

Pocket Billiard Tournament.

Chess Championship of Greater New York.  
VALUABLE TROPHIES.

Those desiring to compete should communicate with Albert Ballin (Chair-  
man), 511 West 148th Street.

THE GUILD HOUSE IS OPEN EVERY EVENING.  
A Cordial Welcome to All.

CASH PRIZES — (For Costumes) — CASH PRIZES

### Mask and Fancy Dress Ball

NEWARK DIVISION, NO. 42, N.F.S.D.

Saturday Evening, January 6, 1917



## THE KRUEGER AUDITORIUM

15-27 BELMONT AVE., COR. MORTON ST.

NEWARK, N. J.  
(The largest Hall in Newark.)

TICKETS, - (including wardrobe) - 50 CENTS

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS:

A. BALMUTH, Chairman E. C. ELSWORTH, Treasurer  
P. HOEING JOHN WARD C. CASCELLA  
W. DIETRICH H. REDMAN F. BOUTON  
W. ATKINSON

HOW TO REACH THE HALL—From New York, take the Hudson Tube to Park Place,  
Newark, take the trolley cars "Springfield" at the terminal (a few blocks from the  
tube station), or take the Jitneys waiting for the party at the tube, and get off at Bel-  
mont Avenue. One block to the Hall.

RESERVED FOR

### ENTERTAINMENT AND CHARITY BALL

under the auspices of

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

Saturday Evening, March 3, 1917

## YORKVILLE CASINO

East 86th Street, near Third Avenue

NEW YORK

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS:

EMIL BASCH, Chairman  
1490 Lexington Avenue, New York City

A. A. COHN, Treasurer MRS. F. A. SIMONSON  
M. M. LUBIN, Secretary MISS BESSIE FINK  
THEO. S. ROSE ABRAHAM M. MILLER  
LESTER J. HYAMS ISIDORE A. MIRBACH

### Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

Entertainments on third Saturday of each  
month, at Horton Building, 110 East  
126th Street, New York City.

Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N.F.S.D.  
meets at Imperial Hall, 360 Fulton Street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each  
month. It offers exceptional provisions  
in the way of Life Insurance and Sick  
Benefits and unusual social advantages.  
If interested write to either officers,  
THOMAS J. COSHOVE, Secretary, 370  
Degraw Street, Brooklyn, or JOHN D.  
SHEA, State (Eastern New York) Organ-  
izer, 78 W. 80th St., New York.

ENGLISH TAUGHT BY MAIL.

Did you ever stop to think that it is a  
disgrace not to be able to express your-  
self in good, plain, correct English? If  
you make queer, outlandish, funny errors  
in your language, it is your own fault. It  
implies laziness, or lack of effort, and neg-  
lect in your youth. You are only half-  
educated. That is plain; everybody can  
see it. You cheated yourself and your  
school out of the other half, and made a  
chump of yourself. Now, perhaps you are  
beginning to look backward with many  
regrets. But you are not the only one.  
There are others. It is never too late to  
mend. There is still hope for those who have  
the ambition and will to overcome their  
past mistakes. Enclose stamped and self  
addressed envelope and communicate with  
PROF. JEROME T. ELWELL,  
618 N. 35TH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.